Ann Cousins, who splits her hours between field services and fund raising. Bill Polk, the financial officer, works one day a week. Eric Gilbertson, who was deputy director of the Vermont Division for Historic Preservation and recently retired after almost 30 years, works half time in field services. Meg Campbell, also half time, manages the facade easement program, does field services in Bennington County, manages the Web site, and produces the electronic newsletter.

Because he's been with the organization for so many years, Bruhn says, ''there are people who say, 'Well, the Preservation Trust, it's just Paul Bruhn.' It's not even close to that.''

''I've always had a very strong, very involved board of directors who provide a lot of the direction for the organization.'' The directors, he says, genuinely like each other, are very proud of the organization, ''but that doesn't stop them from having good disagreements and good debate.''

The secret to keeping a board active and involved, he says, is to have two-day board meetings four times a year. ''In February, in the middle of a snowstorm, we went on a two-day tour around the northern part of the state.'' He counts off eight towns (and multiple projects within them). ''We talked all the while on the bus, a great discussion about what's happening in Vermont, how the community's doing, and this work—the support we try to give to local organizations.

On the importance of the organization's downtown work, Bruhn is adamant. ''I love downtown Burlington. I grew up here, helped secure funding for the Marketplace when I was working for Sen. Leahy; but downtown Burlington has become one that focuses on entertainment, high-end retail and tourism. We get that there are a lot of people in Vermont who need to be able to shop at a place like Wal-Mart, but wouldn't it be terrific if Wal-Mart would be interested and willing to build a smaller-scale store in downtown Burlington? It would insure that downtown Burlington would serve the entire community.''

Bruhn pauses and takes a breath. ''We're not in favor of pickling Vermont,'' he says. ''On the other hand, we've got to find ways to grow that reinforce what's important about our place. It's essential that we are good stewards of our place.''

TRIBUTE TO CON HOGAN

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, Marcelle and I have a good friend in Vermont named Cornelius Hogan, although everyone knows him as Con Hogan.

In our State, we have been fortunate to have people, of both political parties, who have given a great deal of themselves to serve the people of Vermont, and Con is an excellent example of that.

Recently, the newspaper the Times Argus published an excellent profile of him. I called Con and Jeanette to say how much I enjoyed it. I would like to share the piece with my fellow Senators, and ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

A LIFE WELL SERVED; PLAINFIELD'S CON HOGAN REMININSCES ABOUT TIME IN GOVERNMENT, BUSINESS

(By Susan Allen)

PLAINFIELD.—Every Thursday a 4 p.m., the late Gov. Richard Snelling would invite some of his cabinet members to his office and put a bottle of Wild Turkey bourbon and glasses on his desk.

''You could talk about anything you wanted,'' recalled Con Hogan last week, seated at the kitchen table in his Plainfield home, with an expansive view that includes the ski slopes of Sugarbush and Mad River Glen.

That was a new one for me. I thought I'd heard most of the behind-the-scenes stories from past—and present—administrations. I've been in the Vermont press that long, and collect interesting and odd-ball recollections like some people collect stamps. I'm fascinated by the people who devote their lives to serving the state.

But Hogan's reminiscences during our conversation proved how many good stories I've missed.

Hogan is retired from his extensive tenure in state government and we started talking about how busy he is during his so-called retirement (more on that later), but quickly began trading accounts of political personalities. Most of his tales were gathered during his professional journey from serving as a guard in a prison in Annandale, N.J., to heading Vermont's massive Human Services Agency under Snelling and former Gov. Howard Dean.

That journey included two significant side trips: An 11-year stint in the private sector helping International Coins and Currency slog its way out of bankruptcy in the 1980s, and an ''ill-thought,'' unsuccessful run for governor as an independent against incumbent Jim Douglas and Democrat Douglas Racine in 2002.

''That was a period of temporary insanity,'' he said of the gubernatorial race, which almost certainly burned some bridges with the GOP hierarchy. ''I don't regret it, but I don't consider it a high point.''

Hogan received a degree in psychology from Rutgers, married wife Jeanette in 1965, and took a job as a prison guard in Annandale, rising quickly through the ranks to eventually serve as a division head with the New Jersey Department of Corrections, focusing on the budget.

''I loved it,'' he recalled of those 7 years. ''The people who work in that line are under such professional pressure that you become fast friends, the closest friends.''

Hogan and his wife regularly visited a good friend in Vermont who lived on an apple farm in Bennington, and in 1972 at age 28, he applied for the job of corrections commissioner in this State. He chuckles at his own audacity, and the outcome.

Then-Secretary of Administration Richard Mallary (who went on to serve in the U.S. House for Vermont) wrote Hogan a two-page, handwritten letter thanking him for his interest, letting him know the job was already filled, but urging him to contact the new commissioner to talk about becoming his deputy.

Hogan is amazed at the thought of Mallary writing such a long, personal note. But back in 1972, he did apply for deputy commissioner post and got the job.

Those were tumultuous years in corrections, he said. Then-Gov. Thomas Salmon, trying to control a huge state deficit, issued a 10 percent cut in all budgets, to be executed in 60 days—a staggering assignment, Hogan knew.

And the Windsor prison, which had opened in 1808 during the U.S. presidential administration of Thomas Jefferson, was closed in the early 1970s, leaving the State without a maximum security prison for a number of years.

With Snelling's first election in 1976, Hogan moved into the post of commissioner of Social and Rehabilitative Services, again during a difficult time. The Weeks School for juvenile offenders closed, forcing the State to redistribute the 400 youth to smaller group facilities around the State.

Hogan recalled that all but 15 were placed at one point. Those 15, he said, were sent to stay with a Vermont couple who—without the State's knowledge—packed them all into a Winnebago and headed off to see the country.

''The dad called me from New Orleans,'' Hogan said. ''I said, 'What are you doing in New Orleans?' ''

Four of the young Vermonters had run off, and the state scrambled to fix the mess. Fortunately the story ended well for everyone and never (until now) became public, Hogan said with a grin.

After his 11-year foray with ICC in the 1980s, Hogan once again received a call from Snelling, who was considering a run for governor and wanted Hogan to head his transition team if elected. Snelling was elected and appointed Hogan his secretary of Human Services in 1991.

''During the transition, I was working from 6 a.m. to midnight, staying in the office—sometimes I slept over,'' he said. During a meeting one day, Hogan was called out because Jeanette was outside with fresh clothes for her husband. ''I need to explain to my wife why I'm spending more time with you than her,'' Hogan told Snelling, who didn't like meetings interrupted.

''He lit up. 'Let's go meet your wife,' '' Hogan recalled. Jeanette had just been to the dentist and had a front tooth removed, flashing a smile that showed a gaping hole. Hogan said Snelling never missed a beat and made a ''big show'' of graciousness to his wife.

Hogan recalled Snelling's impatience with long presentations. So, as Human Services Secretary, Hogan created a game where he took a deck of cards, and on each wrote a one-line synopsis of a proposed program, the cost, and the supporters and opponents. Fifty-two suggestions.

Snelling loved it; he'd flip through the cards quickly and make two piles: Yes and No. And Hogan knew how to proceed.

''He was at the top of his game,'' said Hogan of Snelling during that second trip to the governor's office. His recollections of his former boss are nostalgic and reflect his respect and deep admiration for the late governor.

Snelling died in office on Aug. 13, 1991. During his brief second tenure as governor, he worked with Democratic House Speaker Ralph Wright to craft a plan to retire an enormous state deficit, another point of pride for Hogan.

The day after Snelling's death, new Gov. Howard Dean called Hogan into his office for a briefing on the Human Services Agency.

''I was in no shape to go,'' Hogan recalled. Not only was he mourning Snelling's passing, he didn't know Dean or what to expect from the former lieutenant governor.

Hogan arrived with a list of 50 issues to discuss, and spent an hour running through them all. ''Dean didn't say a word, he just listened. He was either getting it . . . or not getting it and he did,'' Hogan recalled.

The two worked well together for 8 years until Hogan left the administration in November 1999. ''There's a half-life to that kind of job,'' he said of Human Services secretary. After making progress on many social issues, ''I had begun to see some of the same problems again.''

Then came the ill-fated gubernatorial run.

Followed by retirement—or Hogan's version of retirement: He travels the world working with countries that include Australia, Israel, Chile, Norway, Northern Ireland, Scotland, and in May, Holland, to improve their government structure and programs for children.

He has also become involved in informal lobbying efforts for universal health care (the number of uninsured Vermonters has climbed from 42,000 in 2001 to 69,000 today, he noted; he predicts the increase will continue without serious action). He considers high health care costs a ''serious economic threat'' to the State.

He serves on the board of Vermont College in Montpelier, which is seeking certification and funding. Hogan also continues to play the banjo with his band, Cold Country Bluegrass (Jeanette plays the string bass).

And he helps Jeannette around the family horse farm, which she started but is now run by their daughter, Ruth.

That's Con Hogan's idea of retirement.

His son lives next door with Hogan's two grandchildren, and Ruth lives around the corner. And in the end, that is his life's ambition achieved.

''Having my family close enough to enjoy their successes, and watch the kids grow up,'' he said. ''Nothing comes close. This to me is what it's all about.''

TRIBUTE TO REEVE LINDBERGH

Mr. President, Marcelle and I have many wonderful friends in Vermont. Some were born in Vermont, and others have come to enjoy our very special State. In the latter capacity is our friend Reeve Lindbergh, who lives with her husband, Nat Tripp, in Vermont.

Like her parents, Reeve is a terrific author, and a conversation with Reeve is a conversation worth having. You always learn something from it, but, more importantly, you always leave with a greater sense of what is essential in life. I am extremely proud of her.

Kevin O'Connor recently wrote a profile of Reeve, which I would like to share with my fellow senators. This profile does a good deal to capture her essence, and I ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Rutland Herald, Mar. 30, 2008]

ONWARD AND UPWARD: DAUGHTER OF LEGENDS, REEVE LINDBERGH LOOKS ''FORWARD FROM HERE''

(By Kevin O'Connor)

Vermonter Reeve Lindbergh wrote her first memoir about growing up with her father, aviator Charles Lindbergh, and her second memoir about the final months of her mother, author Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Recently turning 60, she began a third memoir—this one about aging. She aimed to leap fearlessly into the future right from its title: ''Forward From Here: Leaving Middle Age—and Other Unexpected Adventures.''

That's when she found herself pulled every which way by the past.

First she thought about all the unlisted phone numbers still ringing in her memory—one of many safeguards instituted by her parents after the 1932 kidnapping of her late brother, Charles Jr.

''When you are taught to memorize your home phone number and never to reveal it except to close relatives and maybe the family doctor, you don't forget that number.''

Then she thought about the day in 2001 when, after the death of her mother, she drove from her Northeast Kingdom home to a storage building in Stamford, Conn. There she opened box after box to find her parents' 1929 wedding gifts in their original wrappings. Pausing for lunch at a nearby diner, she glanced at a television to discover, 30 miles south, the smoldering remains of New York City's World Trade Center.

It was Sept. 11.

Finally she thought about what her publisher bills as her book's ''shocking surprise.'' Lindbergh long described herself as the youngest of five children. Then in 2003 she learned her late father—the first person to fly solo and nonstop from New York to Paris—later crisscrossed the Atlantic out of a too-literal interest in foreign affairs.

''In one essay that is sure to attract much attention, the author writes about her reaction to learning that her father had three families in Europe, a fact that remained a secret for 50 years,'' publicity promises. ''This is the first time any member of the Lindbergh family has discussed in detail their reaction to the controversial and surprising revelation.''

Lindbergh, angry at her father upon learning the news, now can laugh at such hype. New book in hand, she not only has made peace with all her discordant memories but also arranged them into a mosaic of ''sly, gentle humor'' and ''quiet resolve'' (says Publishers Weekly) that's reassuringly human.

The modest yet gregarious 5-foot-3 daughter of the 6-foot-3 flyer is drawing the attention of Vanity Fair and the New York Times. But the 40-year Vermonter would be just as happy sticking out mud season at home with her husband, her monthly End-of-the-Road Writers Group (named less for its participants than its location) and her menagerie of dogs, chickens and sheep.

''I'm not so interested in being confessional, but in what certain experiences are like,'' she says in an interview. ''When you're pretty honest and not too fancy, it seems to help people.''

HIPPIE FLATLANDER

Lindbergh has long had a thirst for life. Tiny and anemic at birth, she required a pint transfusion of her father's blood. She still remembers her thoughts upon receiving the newly invented polio vaccine as a 1950s schoolchild: ''I'd hope that death would be wiped out by the time I grew up.''

Alas, mortality remains uncured. So what does aging mean to a 60-year-old woman, wife and mother? Lindbergh put her left hand to yellow-lined paper to pen a series of essays. Reflecting on the present, she found herself rewinding to the past.

Growing up in a Connecticut suburb where ''tea hour'' led to ''sherry hour,'' Lindbergh nevertheless found her family didn't drink up fame. Her father—a Midwest farm boy who focused on the moment rather than on memories—never talked about his historic 1927 flight. Her mother therefore had to offer reassurance when they watched Jimmy Stewart re-create his grueling 33½-hour crossing on the movie screen at Radio City Music Hall.

''Does he make it?'' his little daughter asked.

Her father didn't fly to escape the earth, she knows today. As a conservationist, he just wanted a bird's-eye view. With a similar love of the land, she moved to the Green Mountains upon graduating from Radcliffe College in 1968, taking a teaching job in the southern Vermont town of Readsboro before retreating north in 1971 to the countryside outside St. Johnsbury.

''The optimists among us thought they were harbingers of a quieter, cleaner, saner way of life on the planet, returning to past customs in order to create a better future,'' she writes. ''Some native Vermonters, especially older ones who had spent their early years on farms without electricity or indoor plumbing and had been chopping, stacking and burning firewood all their lives, smiled good-naturedly and shook their heads.''

Others just labeled her and her like ''hippie flatlanders.'' Reeve wed a man named Richard, then befriended fellow transplants Nat and Patty. Soon came children, midlife, divorce and a new couple: Reeve and Nat (Tripp, himself an accomplished author). Today the last of the offspring have flown the coop, leaving Lindbergh with a teeming henhouse, sheep barn and sofa for two dogs.

''Why not?'' she says of the canine couch. ''Nobody else was using it.''

Entering the life stage her mother called ''the youth of old age,'' she also faces countless questions.

SIXTIES GENERATION

The first: Can a couple of ''hippie homesteaders'' who harvest 600 bales of hay a year get a hot tub?

Her brain said no. But her achy right shoulder and her husband's bad knee screamed yes.

What about her view of wrinkles?

''When I say I don't mind looking at my face in the mirror anymore, part of the reason may be that I can't see it,'' she writes. ''Maybe I care less now than I did then about how I look to other people, or maybe I know from long experience that most people ignore our imperfections because they are concentrating upon theirs.''

And drugs?

''As I and the other members of this much-publicized 'Sixties Generation' go through our own sixties—and seventies and eighties and (we secretly hope) beyond—the least we can do for ourselves is live up to our own mythology and take lots of drugs.''

(''Legal drugs,'' she clarifies.)

Lindbergh, seeking to comment on both the salvation and side effects brought by modern-day pharmaceuticals, devotes a full chapter to listing everything in her medicine cabinet, from the anticonvulsants required after falling off a horse to the antidepressants prescribed during the year her mother was dying.

''I realize there are people who are embarrassed about the medications they take,'' she says in an interview, ''but it was in no way difficult for me to write about that.''

Neither does she shy away from the topic of death—not that she has made peace with it. Take the three fuzzy chicks on her property that wandered from their mother and perished.

''Even after 30–odd years of country living, with all the dead chicks, dead lambs, dead dogs and dead horses, the hamsters, the rabbits, the lizards and the turtles (not to mention, dear God, the people!), I still get upset about it.''

Lindbergh writes about the burial of her father, who died of cancer in 1974 at age 72, and the cremation of her mother, who died in 2001 at age 94. The resulting ashes led to a question: ''Where do you put them?''

Family members scattered them in favorite places around the world—but only after their matriarch, a gardener, first considered a flower bed.

''She said it would be so good for the lilies of the valley,'' Reeve Lindbergh reports matter-of-factly.

A PRIVATE MATTER

Lindbergh has spent much of this new century wrestling with the old one.

In 2004, she traveled to the Florida island of Captiva where her mother wrote the 1955 book ''Gift from the Sea.'' In that collection of essays, Anne Morrow Lindbergh found meaning in shells—from the channeled whelk that represents ''the ideal of a simplified life'' to the moon shell that reminded her of solitude.